



PRE

Flight

CLASS OF 45-A
U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES

Corps of Aviation Cadets
Pre-Flight School for Pilots

MAXWELL FIELD, ALABAMA

CAPT. PAUL F. MAHONEY



"My men are potential officers and should be encouraged to develop the leadership and discipline that is the basis of a good officer and flyer". This is the policy of Capt. Paul F. Mahoney, commander of Section P, Wing 2. Born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and educated at Worcester Academy and Dartmouth College, he entered the Army in March, 1941.

After spending some time in the Infantry and later transferring to the Air Forces, June 1942 found him commissioned Second Lieutenant upon graduation from O.C.S. at Miami Beach, Florida. He then came directly to Maxwell Field and his record here is evidence of his leadership ability and untiring efforts.

Athletics play an important part in his life and with a background of competitive sports at college, he now is very active in promoting the physical fitness program here at Maxwell.

The young Captain is very proud of his thirteen month old son and has high hopes for him, just as he has high hopes for the success of the cadets he guided through Maxwell.

Legend

"Lieutenant William J. Robert; United States Army Air Forces;" it seemed an impressive title; and I was proud of it. It meant a lot to be a flyer too; and piloting a fiery P-40 over the heads of the fighting men of the greatest invasion force in history made me feel like an important part of the crusade of liberation.

The rock had been penetrated and the first faint beam of the dawn of flame had been felt. I remember, too, how millions of Americans, free Americans, were right behind me and thought the same thoughts I did about this battle of existence.

With this on my mind and perhaps thinking a little of home, too, I suddenly became aware of an onrushing of bristling Fock-Wolfes. I was alone and; well it was a good show while it lasted but the time came when I knew I'd never get back. I knew I was going to die; the tracers that blasted my engine and ripped through my wings finally got to me, and it was only a matter of seconds before I went down in flames.

In these seconds a lot went through my mind. The fight was over for me; but what about those at home? Are they going to continue this crusade I've died for; are they going to keep fresh the spirit; produce the materials; till this thing we're fighting is smashed?

I'm out of the battle, but not out of the fight. I'll be behind every guy; behind every gun; I'll be where men are training to see they're learning the things they need to know; I'll watch the production lines; I'll keep a finger on the pulse of the nation to see that they never lose faith or want to compromise.

This is the only way I can keep those men on the beach heads of Normandy; the only way I can fight.



Salute



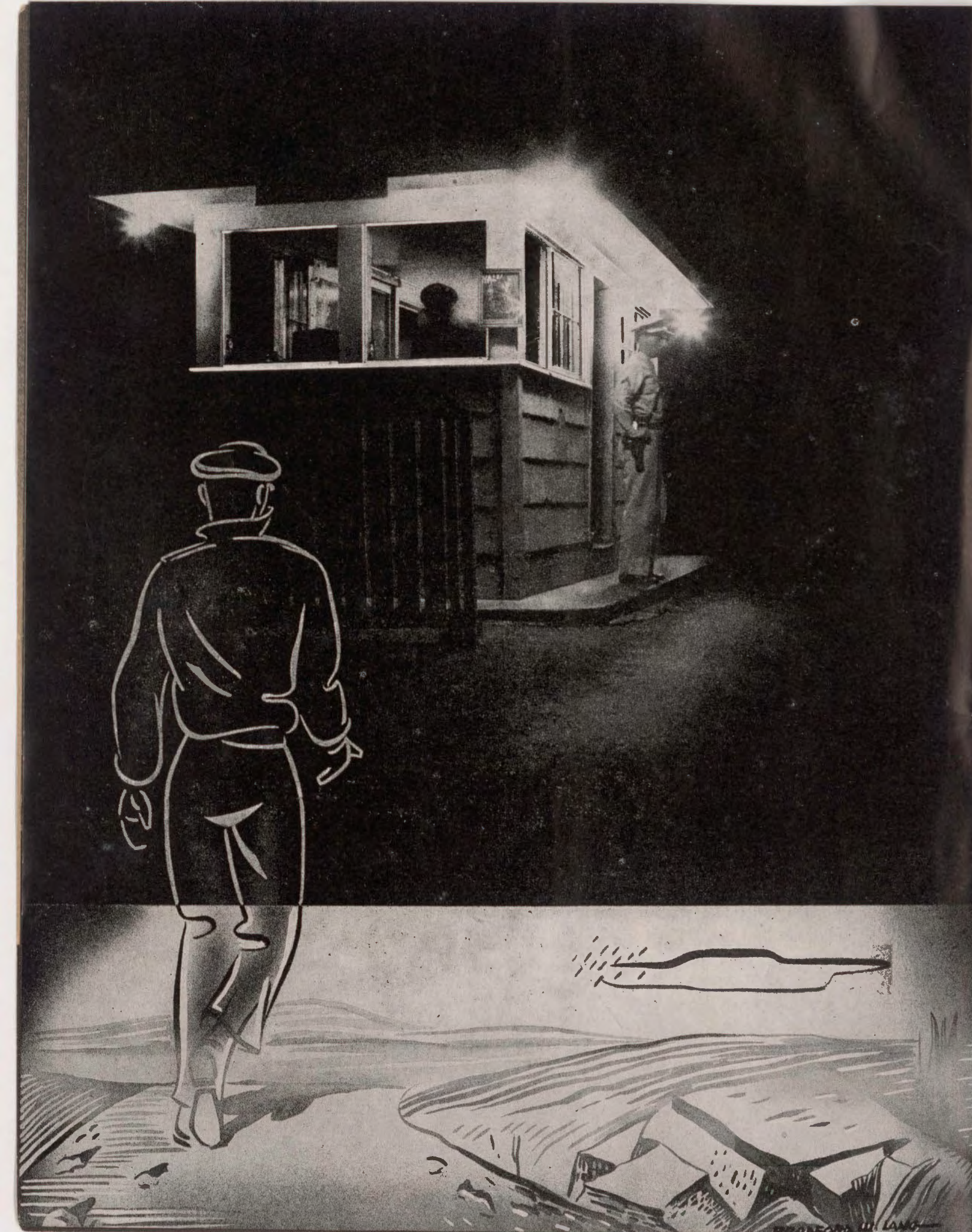
Well I'm still Bill Roberts; but everything is different now. It's funny I don't feel quite like a ghost; but then it is handy to be able to get around without people being remotely aware of your presence. Lots of things have changed too, I'm no longer biased by all the little prejudices I used to have; I can see things much more clearly.

I didn't waste any time after I came out on the losing end of that little mixup over Normandy. As soon as I could I came back to see what the folks at home were doing to end this war.

I really looked around! I didn't miss a thing. I saw our lawmakers in Washington where preparation and alertness at any cost is the byword. I visited our war plants—to produce weapons of war at such an amazing rate—they really impressed me. I asked myself the question. Are the people behind this thing? I watched them work—I looked into their eyes—I listened to them—and everywhere I sensed sacrifice and resolution. You know you can't beat Americans when it comes to a showdown fight—they're in it—every one of them.

The Army Posts were the high point of my tour. Millions of healthy young men; ready with a smile and yet prepared to fight ruthlessly till the mess is over, and they can go back to being just plain Johnny Jones on Main Street.

Well, since flying has been my life, and I can't really talk about anything else without making mistakes, it's natural I should come to Maxwell Field. I am going to see Maxwell as only I can, and find if the training here is going to make a flyer that can destroy the enemy at his own game of death and destruction.





BUILDING NUMBER ONE

Getting through that gate wasn't hard. Post Headquarters is the place to head for. Visiting officers are expected to report to the Commanding Officer—I guess I'm no exception. Besides it is a good place to start my little tour.

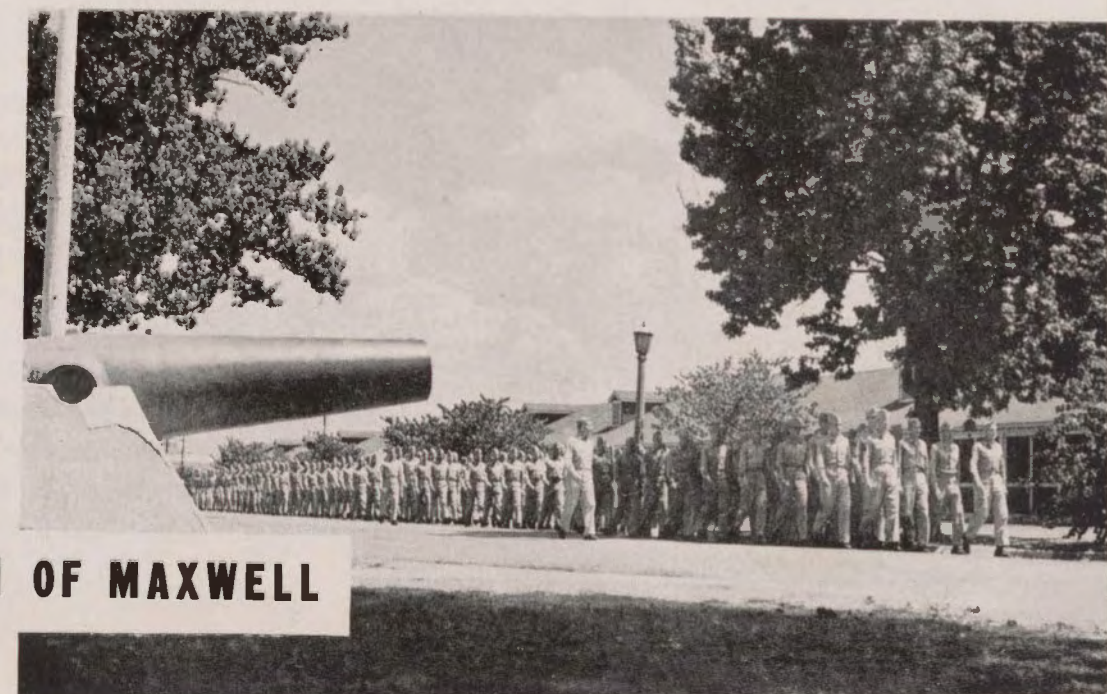
Walking down this boulevard gives me a good feeling; a kind of a proud surge to be back on an Air Force Post. Here's the place, not lavish; but important enough looking. Here's a portrait—the Post Commander—Colonel Bowling—I remember I saw him when I hit Maxwell on a cross country right before I went over there. Here's the chance to find out a little about how they're running things. I wonder what they'd say if they could see me leaning over their shoulders. Yes, the same old training bulletins and orders that used to bewilder me. But this one shows that they have pilots, bombardiers, and navigators here, all in training. A good idea,—start the team off from the bottom—all together—I'm finding things out.



This looks like what I came here to see—a squadron of cadets. They can march too—they're turning in right up there—I'll have to see what they're doing.

No wonder they can march; they're practicing and this drill period looks like practice makes perfect. The way they gather around their "Tack" officer I'd say they're going to have a meeting now. They are. Besides being a ghost I must be a psychic. Their commanding officer is demonstrating the minor faults in their drilling and instructing them in the details that make the difference between the man and the officer. After the meeting they rushed off somewhere and so now I think I'll be the silent member of this little group in front of the board. 'You know Jack your marks could have been better than what they have been' — 'I know, and I've been burning the old oil over them too. I think they'll show up better, I'm getting the stuff down.'

Interesting conversation that—You know what the next stop is on your haunting list—Don't you Lieutenant?



THE MEN OF MAXWELL



GROUND SCHOOL

Ground school—the basis of good flying; it's funny how unnecessary this all sounded to me some time ago, and how very important it became to me as I progressed. You know—maybe if I had learned a little more of these fundamentals! . . . Oh well I'd better get back and look into these classes.

This first class is code, as soon as the class is assembled every one adjusts his earphones, and in no time at all every face is a picture of intense concentration as the dits and dahs fill the room with what seems to be a chaotic jumble. In listening to the conversation of the instructors, I found that it wasn't easy in the beginning for the aspirant flyers. As a matter of fact some of them were very close to the paper doll stage with the confounding never-ending chatter. They're learning fast though; and I'm sure they'll have no trouble translating the sounds and flashes before long. It's a new subject for most of them; but before they go much further they'll realize what an important tool it can be.

They call this next instruction period a class in Military subjects. This is a little different than the other more specialized courses, the intent of this instruction appears to be a general understanding only. The discussion today seems to deal with the organization of the Army, it's various services and arms. The periods to come will deal with various things like War Department Publications, Personal Affairs, Safeguarding Military Information and Customs and Courtesies of the Service. You know this training though it may seem slight is indeed helpful,

and these men will be more appreciative of the problems of the other arms and services.

I'm still real surprised the way these cadets show so much spirit in their marching, even to and from classes. I've been thinking all this while following a flight and here we are in a new class. The ship models and photos make this Naval Identification. The shades are drawn as the recognition slides are being shown. This must be the beginning of the course as the cadets are having a little difficulty deciding the differences between one vessel and another. Well, they have all just completed a thorough course in aircraft identification, where they had to recognize at a twenty-fifth of a second practically an unlimited number of airplanes, so I'm confident that these seagoing craft will become just as familiar, and the four seconds they have to examine the slide will be more than enough for recognition. I can see by the look of determination in the eyes of these men that they fully realize the importance this subject can play in the difference between life and a flaming death.

I've spirited myself into a physics class this time and now we're really getting into the basic courses. This is really substantial. The underlying fundamentals of all mechanics, aero-dynamics that a pilot should have at the tips of his fingers are here. Yes, I hear familiar terms—Bernoulli—the famous Newton—Archimedes the father of them all. Whatever time the cadets spend on this course will be well worth their while, as a thorough knowledge here will make the more advanced courses much more easily understood. This, together with our next step—Mathematics—form the foundation upon which the entire science of flight is based.

The Math class is similar to many I've seen; but here the men seem more serious; and they appear to grasp the importance of the course. Once again I have to smile as I see puzzled faces and wrinkled brows as the principles of algebra, geometry, and trigonometry are



One hundred per cent concentration



Preparing for an exam



Study in forms



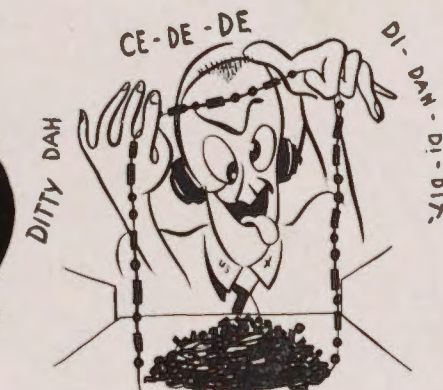
FIVE WORDS



SIX WORDS



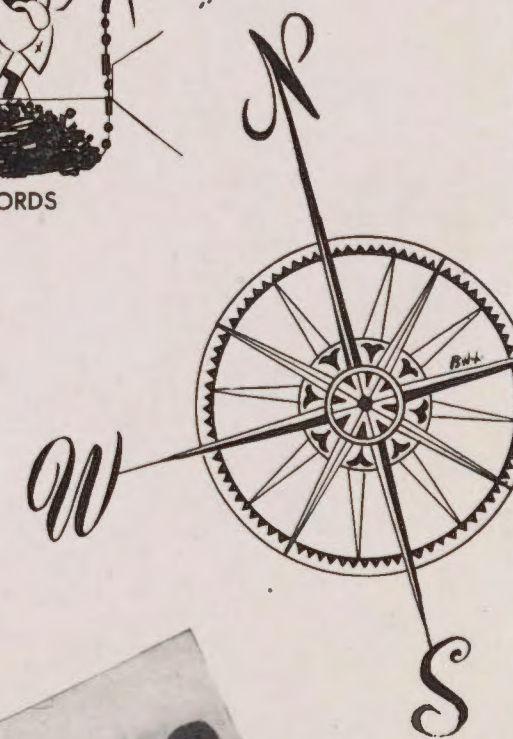
VISUAL



EIGHT WORDS

This about cleans up the academic schedule. It sure has been an interesting day. I have a nice comfortable feeling now; it's good to know that our country need never worry about these men as far as academic background is concerned. I can tell—they know what they are doing; and are well aware of its importance to their mission.

Plotting a course ● Map reading



brought forth. They're getting it though—they're really understanding everything. I'm glad I made this trip; I feel lots better about things already.

Well it looks as though the day will be completed when this next class is over. The way these lads are talking about projections and symbols and scales it must be Maps and Charts we're going to visit. The program here is a basic familiarization course covering the more important aspects of map and aerial photograph interpretation. The cadets are given courses to plot on their maps and the lectures and discussions refer to the many legends and symbols of the different maps and charts.



Atmospherically speaking



Ranger

Well according to schedule we came out to the range today. I frankly thought we'd never get here, those cadets must be crazy about marching.

Some of them are firing now, the carbine, the 45 calibre automatic, and some must be content to load magazines until their firing order is due. Some of these boys are good; you should see the terrific beating these bulls eyes are taking.

They may get shot down in combat, or in some other way be unable to fight in the air, but these men will never give up. They'll be right in there punching though it may be from a fox hole. They're not only flyers, but good soldiers and they'll be ready and able to fight the enemy wherever he may be.



Gas

"Gas—Chemical Warfare—Pre-Flight, a queer trio, and where is the connection? I must see this too."

"This is a fast war, it moves quickly from the sea to the land to the air and back. Death strikes suddenly, it knows no favorites, an airman or a ground soldier, it makes no difference, and some of the most effective weapons of that death are chemical agents. I picked the right class, that instructor just pointed out the connection."

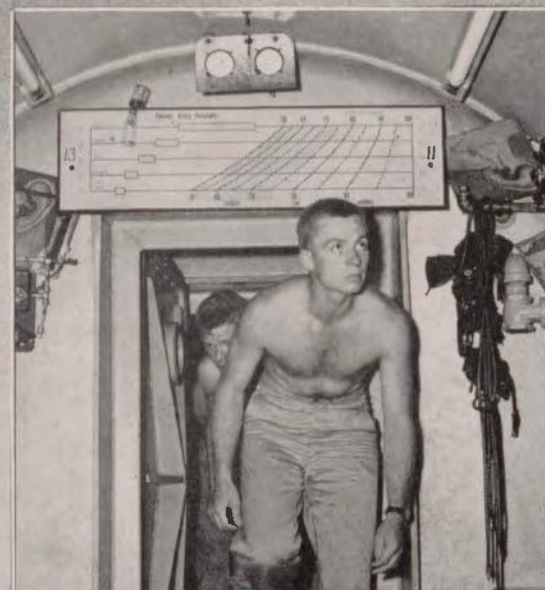
"I see they don't forget a thing here. The way that instructor covered the various agents, their characteristics, death dealing power, tactical advantages, and more important, defense against chemical attack, is proof of the kind of training these men are receiving."

"This isn't all though, the field becomes the classroom; there samples of battle gases are exploded and their odors experienced by every man. Smoke screens are tested and in a night demonstration, incendiaries and the means to combat them are demonstrated. Here is another phase of an indispensable foresighted training program."

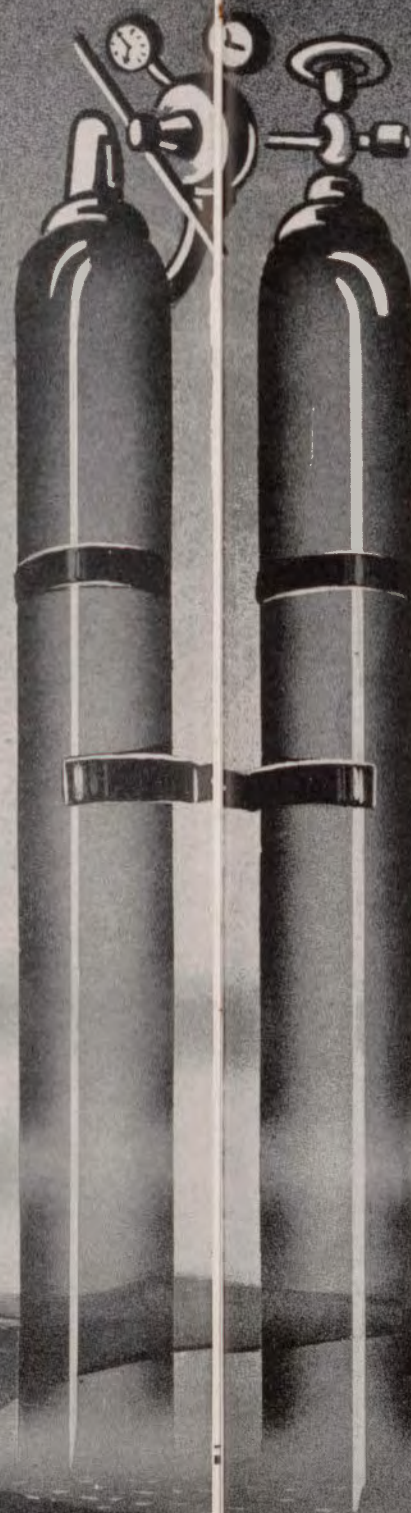
BRAD LANG



Pressure drop, oxygen deficiency, temperature drop—this is really familiar to me. I'm sure to enjoy the Altitude Training course, and then too I might even learn something. It looks as though nothing has been spared in the equipment here; these decompression chambers are complete in every detail. The Cadets have just completed a series of training lectures and are going up for their first test hop. I think I'll stow aboard; say I wonder how the upstairs will affect me!



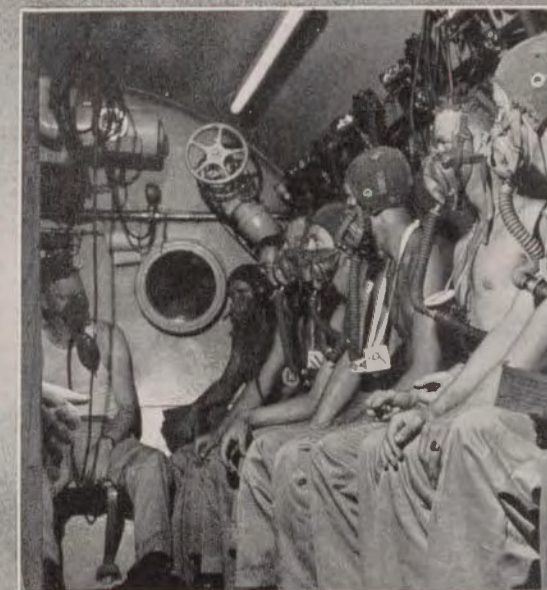
Walking in here was like walking into another world. It has a sort of grotesque forbidding atmosphere, and the dull thud of the heavy door sealing us in adds an odd note of finality. The slightly frightened but none the less cheerful chatter of the participants gave the chamber a much pleasanter tone, and soon all were intent upon the instructions of the chamber attendant. He explained the results of the difference of pressure on the body at high altitude, and all the while he spoke the pressure was decreasing, we were rising.



A volunteer has been selected, and all eyes are upon him as everyone else dons oxygen masks and he becomes a willing victim of anoxia. As the pressure continually decreases, and less and less oxygen is available for him, his responses to instructions become erratic, and finally he drops off in complete unconsciousness. He is quickly revived by the chamber attendant who places on him the mask which has enabled the others to ascend unaffected. Upon his return to normalcy the victim refuses to believe his companions when they tell him he had just lost consciousness.



The rest of the cadets are very much impressed by this demonstration. They realize how stealthy and deadly the effects of oxygen lack can be. The remainder of the time in the chamber we spent on the problems bends due to pressure change, and minor other difficulties encountered during rapid climbs or dives. It is really a complete indoctrination. These men haven't missed a thing, and now many problems of modern high altitude flying will be no obstacle to these men of Maxwell.



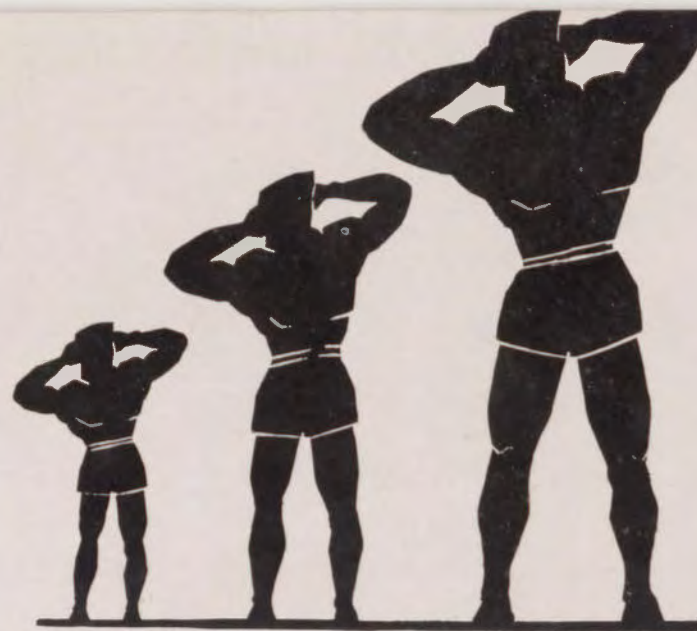
Physical

They really take physical training seriously here at Maxwell and that is as it should be for I can remember how exhausting it can be to battle the elements upstairs alone to say nothing of a well-trained enemy.

The program covers every phase of exercise that will develop the body and it especially concentrates on developing the coordination that is so necessary in flying. Endurance too is an important phase in the daily workout. I went along with them a couple of times on their cross country jaunts and I was

CADET PHYSICAL TRAINING PROGRAM

- Archery
- Chin Ups
- Obstacle Course

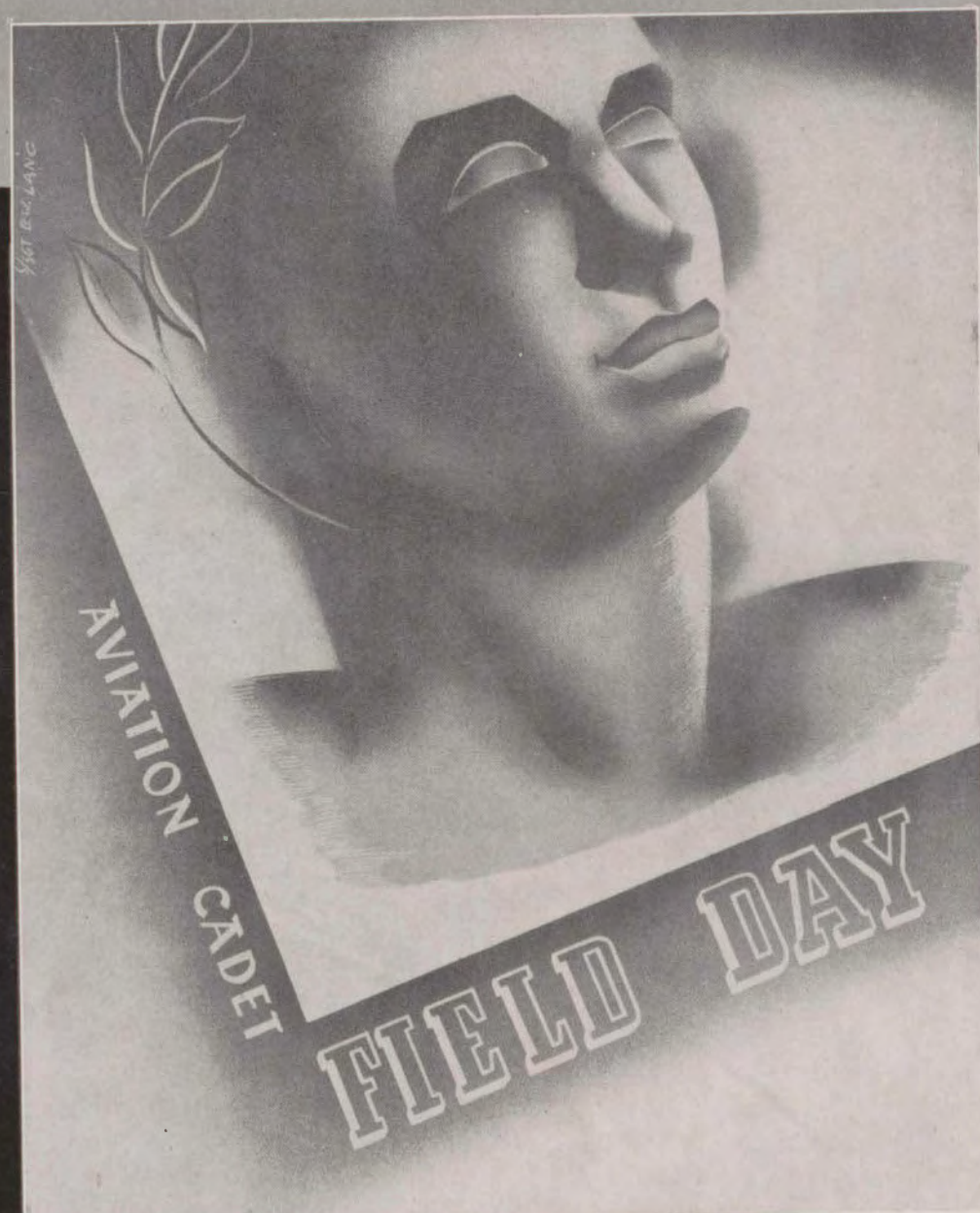


glad I could sort of float along and so save energy once in a while. The cross country course is a whole P. T. program rolled up into one, and they've appropriately titled it "The Burma Road".

The boys really go in for sports and team activities and this makes lessons learned in cooperation and teamwork really stick. They don't limit the program to game and cross country though, for obstacle races, bell drills and calisthenics are all a part of the program.

I found out that all of the physical training wasn't to be seen on the athletic field, for the new cadet swimming pool right off the parade ground has its part in the athletic program. You know the more I see the more I'm sure that here are some boys getting ready for a fighting future.





7ORTUNATELY I got started early this morning; I didn't want to miss any of this Field Day program. It brings back memories of my school days. The field is crowded with the spirit of competition in the air.

You know I'm really not so good at this sports writing, so I'm going to borrow the stuff that the reporter from the Cadet News is writing.

Featuring close competition the entire day, the Aviation Cadet's Field Day was staged for the first time in the new Bell Street area beneath threatening clouds with over a hundred Cadets giving their all in the largest meet yet held at Maxwell Field.



Start of Burma Road Race



Tug of war

From start to finish the large number of onlookers were kept shouting as the events were run off in clocklike fashion from early morning until late afternoon.

Section N walked off with the Class 45-A title by capturing six first places and a larger number of second and third. The winners almost doubled their nearest competitor's total with 57 points to their credit and following in a bunch were sections M, L, and O.

The day of events was on its way when the champs of Wing I and the leaders of Wing II met in a hot softball game. The upperclassmen took the game and the trophy behind the four-hit pitching of Weise.

Once the softball game had come to a

close the events become history in a hurry. The 880 yard relay was held for the first time and the cinder burners from Section L posted a record for future teams to shoot at by crossing the line in 1:38.

More on the humorous side was the Dizzy Izzy relay, the horse and rider relay, the greased pole walk, the strip tease, and the tug o' water pull. Despite the fact that these lighter events were not as thrilling as the normal track and field meets, the comical performances afforded the large gathering many laughs.

All in all the show staged by Class 45-A left future classes much to shoot at if they are to equal the Field Day of 22 May, 1944.





ONE of the first visits I made in London was to the bombed area around St. Paul's Cathedral. Whole city blocks lay in ruins. Not a building escaped. Fire and huge bombs had devastated everything. As I walked along, depressed because of the terrible havoc about me, my eyes were attracted by a bit of color. It was enough to make me stop and ponder, for there in the midst of destruction, from the rubble, from the fragments of the broken pieces, FLOWERS WERE GROWING! Amid that awful desolation, **beauty was asserting itself.**

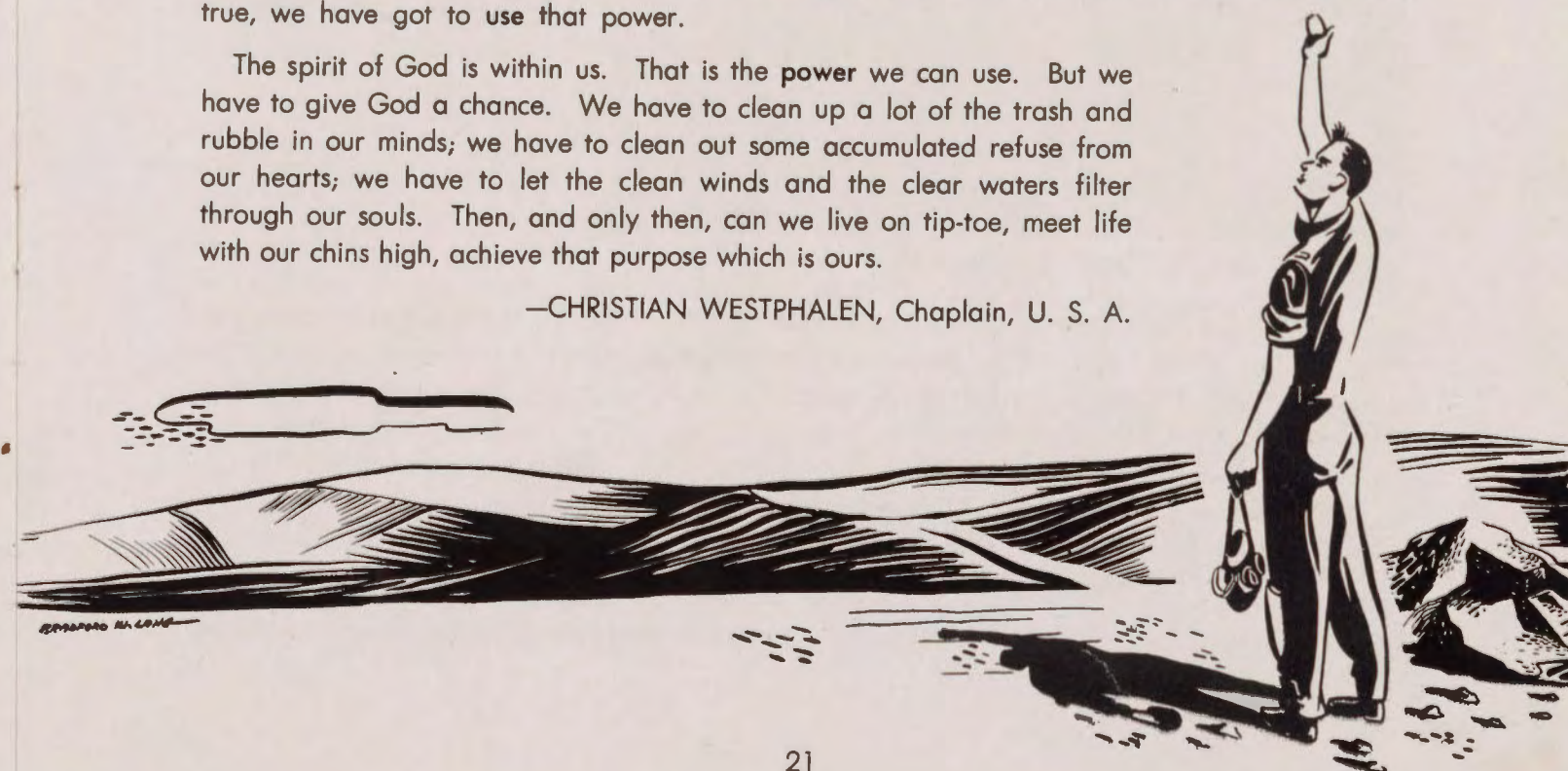
It isn't difficult to see in that a prophecy of things to come. Because it is inherent in Nature, it is inherent in man and in his society, that **right** will ultimately assert itself over **wrong**. There is a universal law of justice in the world that makes itself felt. Evil **cannot** permanently maintain itself in the face of the tremendous force of goodness. Like a flower reaching out of the muck and the slime of a dismal swamp—yes, like the flowers growing out of the rubble of a bombed building—beauty, goodness, truth, honor . . . these things will prevail.

This idea is basic to all the religions of the world. And it is on this idea that we can build a faith by which we can live. When men fight against the lower aspects of human existence and try to make a reality of their high ideals, they are putting their religion to work. The spiritual-millionaires of the ages are those who have fought for the Right, for Truth, for Justice, who have created and revealed all the values which make the world a better place in which to live.

They had faith—faith in themselves and God. They knew that within them was a Divine Power. And the only way we are going to bravely meet the disappointments and tragedies and failures of our living is to know of that same power within us. But even more, to climb above that plane of existence that is just average, to actually see some of our dreams come true, we have got to use that power.

The spirit of God is within us. That is the **power** we can use. But we have to give God a chance. We have to clean up a lot of the trash and rubble in our minds; we have to clean out some accumulated refuse from our hearts; we have to let the clean winds and the clear waters filter through our souls. Then, and only then, can we live on tip-toe, meet life with our chins high, achieve that purpose which is ours.

—CHRISTIAN WESTPHALEN, Chaplain, U. S. A.



DRILL...



Returning from Practice Parade

The stir of the music and the gleam of the colors in the wind; they affect me even more than they did in the old days. The precision of the marching columns; the whole spirit of this parade sort of sums up all the things I've seen. I've watched that same spirit reflect itself in the faces, step, and thoughts of the men here. I guess this is a good example of that e'sprit de corps' we used to hear about. The snap and smartness of the way these cadets drill is one of the biggest evidences to me of the manner of training these men are receiving. Uncompromising is the word I would use to describe it.

From the very first I've noticed it. The precision of that first squadron I watched marching down Maxwell Boulevard. The careful instruction in movements and the execution of the

and PARADE



Saber Practice

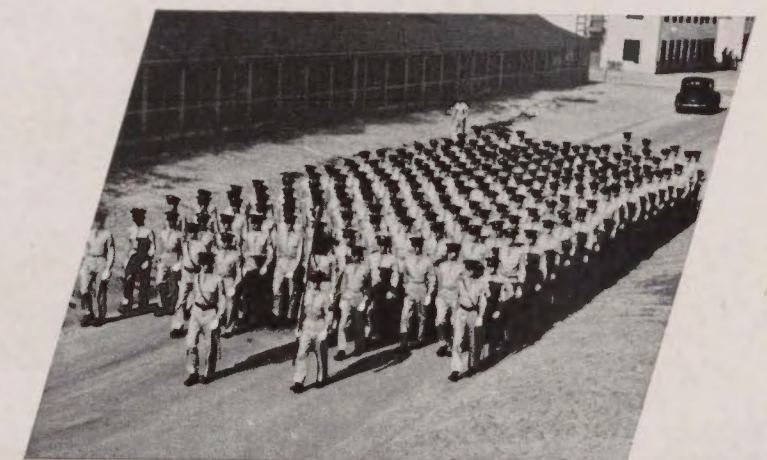
various fine points drill, I witnessed in that first drill period. Every day since then I have seen it repeated again and again. It's not that just whole formations give that impression; but each individual is a bit of perfection himself. Most of the time I feel that perfection is the key word here and the faultless appearance of each cadet, spit and polish we used to call it, spells what I'm thinking of. Like now; they're passing in revue but no one needs to say, "Look proud, Mister!"



Eyes front, Misters



Instructions

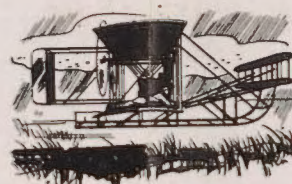


Ready for parade

Prelude to Flight

... FOUR PHASES OF FLYING TRAINING

—I can see them now—Their first solo flight in primary—



I have come to the end of my visit at Maxwell Field; I've completed my tour and have been greatly impressed.

It's really the men who have impressed me the most; these men from the farms—the factories—the schools. They have come here to receive the basis for the knowledge they will need to take up the fight. They represent the youth of the nation, true Americans doing a job and doing it well.

Those who fight and even die at this moment must not question their sacrifices, for here are the men who will prove they are not in vain. Here are the men who will take up the fight and continue the crusade until complete liberation is accomplished.

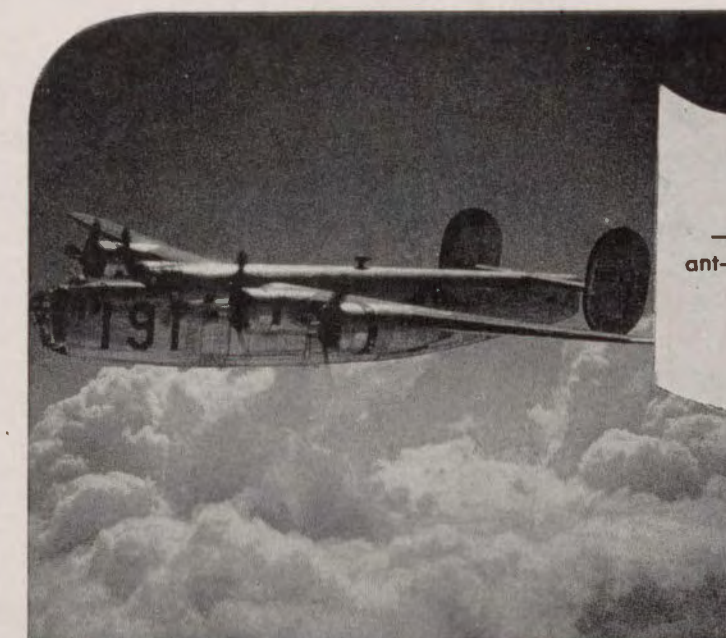
—Advanced-flying a cross country, with those silver wings just over the horizon—



—Sweating out a landing under the hood in basic—



—She's your baby Lieutenant—Take it from here—



PRIMARY • BASIC • ADVANCED • TRANSITIONAL



INSPECTIONS

and the

INSPECTED



Inspections and the preparation necessary for them probably give the cadet some of his more anxious moments. Underlying the glitter and gleam of each scene that greets the eye of the inspecting officer is many a drop of blood, and many a gob of elbow grease. The neat-as-a-pin-ness of each room and each cadet speaks volumes for the amount of work necessary before the dreaded moment, when the clanking sabre is heard outside on the stoop, and the knock sounds on the portal.

The evening before inspection has been one of hectic activity. There is a queer custom in the service known as a "G.I. Party" that is regarded with alarm by everyone. This ceremony has a smell and a sound all its own. The smell is the strong aromatic one of "G.I. soap" and the sound is a symphony of splashing water and scratching scrub brushes, with the low murmurs of cadets furnishing overtones.

This queer custom has its effect however, for on the following day the sun shines on a snow white floor, innumerable blitzings have made the brass glitter fiercely, and each cadet regards his gleaming countenance in his equally gleaming shoes. All is in readiness; white gloves have been donned, and the room orderly who is responsible for the cleanliness and order of the room, listens as his knees beat out the well known drum accompaniment to the Bolero.

The knock is heard and the men "pop to", and face what some might call the inquisition. The



A thorough going over

Awe of the mighty personages, the uncertainty over the bits of memory work that were to be learned, and the uneasiness over the state of the room all contribute to the atmosphere of tenseness that is present. The uneasiness is unnecessary, however, for as usual the cadets have done well and there is only praise for the men. Such is the course of the weekly standby inspection, but this training in attention to detail doesn't just happen once a week, for every day their quarters are inspected and every day they must be immaculate.

GIG, this Mister!



RECREATION...



RECREATION Privilege is the first realization the cadet has that there is anything but study and endless hours of inspection, drill and parade at Maxwell. When the two weeks of quarantine are finally over, he finds "Release From Quarters" a reality.

When the eager newcomer is finally allowed to leave his barracks area, he invariably heads directly for the Recreation Hall, which seems to be the symbol of relaxation and gaiety on the post.



EASY DOES IT

Here in the spacious lounges the future Air Crew Man may find any type of diversion he desires, from relaxing to the soft strains of a classical recording to the development of his form on the green cushions of the billiard table.

Available also for the cadet are complete telephone facilities where daily calls are placed to all parts of the country by cadets who wish to do something more than just write. Trained operators are in attendance to hasten the connection, and many a previously melancholy cadet has returned from the booth greatly cheered.

Here too, the cadet may come for information. The departure time of a bus, the moment of arrival of a train, the best places in town to eat, a current theater attraction, a bit of shopping he is unable to do himself, or a room in town for visiting friends or relatives.

During the latter few weeks of the stay of Class 45-A the new cadet swimming pool was opened, and although the cadets had no great amount of opportunities to enjoy its facilities the new pool was more than christened by the members of the class.

Special Services is responsible for the unlimited services provided at the Rec. Hall. Working as an integral part of Special Services are several Cadet Hostesses; Mrs. May O'Rear, Mrs. Grace King, and Miss Ruth Parkman. Their duties are numerous and varied but all serve to relieve the feeling of strangeness experienced by those away from home and friends.



HELLO MOM!



JUST OFF MICHIGAN BOULEVARD

OPEN POST!

Open Post for the Cadet is the first real indication that he is an upperclassman. The restriction of underclassmen and the rigid discipline of training at Maxwell is conducive to making open post assume the proportions of "Paradise Regained."

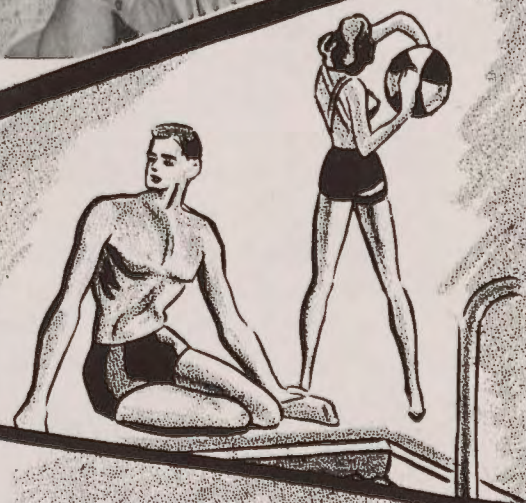
The long-awaited period of liberation is preceded by hurried last minute shaving and polishing; and then the competition for transportation to town begins. The first available cab is commandeered and, sides bulging with eager Cadets, it takes the road to Montgomery where, after paying what seems to be a down payment on the vehicle, the evening of relaxation begins.

Montgomery's main streets are crowded with Cadets whose only desire is to look once more upon the long-forgotten joys of civilian life. The people of Montgomery have personalized the famous Southern hospitality, and everywhere the spirit of warm friendship is apparent.

There is available in Montgomery, many public places of entertainment, as well as the two Cadet

Clubs, one at the Jefferson Davis Hotel and the other in the quiet reserved country club atmosphere at the Standard. Aviation Cadet orchestras play at both places and their soothing melodies create an inspiring atmosphere for dancing.

It was an enjoyable evening



A/C BEN WOOD



Slight dissertation



Four please

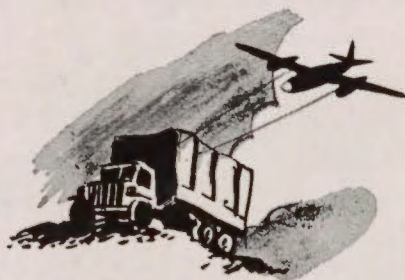


As Saturday night runs out and Sunday takes over, the tempo of excitement slowly begins to recede, and then gradually the Pre-flighters begin the trip back to the post. Many fond goodnights are whispered, and plans are made for the next Open Post as the road back to Maxwell becomes crowded with weary Cadets.

With Sunday morning comes the highlight of Open Post. The Cadet may ignore all thoughts of reveille and complacently lie abed and make up the sleep he has lost all week long. This may be considered a waste of time by some, but statistics plainly show that it is by far the most popular Sunday morning pastime for upperclassmen at Maxwell.

Sunday morning the Cadet may attend religious services either on the post or in Montgomery, and then enjoy a good Sunday dinner. The afternoon may be spent golfing, horseback riding, or once again logging a few more hours of "sack time".

INVASION



THE day had finally arrived; the beginning of the liberation of oppressed Europe. America was silently rejoicing and fearfully praying.

Here at Maxwell the air was filled with tense excitement as news broadcasts announced the latest developments. The Cadets accepted the news with a more or less silent resolve. Words seemed superficial and determined faces everywhere were evidence of the effect the news of the invasion had upon the men of Maxwell.

They suddenly seemed to see more clearly the seriousness behind their training; why discipline is so necessary; why physical training is so very important; why the constant importance of details is drummed into them so unmercifully. Most of them wished they were there sharing the burden and the excitement, and everyone went back to their classes a little older and with a greater understanding of why they were here at Maxwell; why they were in the Air Corps; why they were in uniform.

This issue of our Preflight has for the basis of its theme an imaginary flyer, Bill Roberts, killed in action over Europe. He represents the typical American flyer, one of the many who had given the future they'd planned that freedom might live. He is a typical soldier who lived for happiness and beauty and loved all the little things we all love. His questions and thoughts are the same as others, who today, are fighting our fight.

It is now up to us to prove to those who are scaling the walls of tyranny that we are with them and are working and training so that we can take up the fight, and win the victory they have begun ●



AVIATION CADET CECIL J. FULLILOVE
Corps Commander

AVIATION CADET RODNEY O. ALBRIGHT
Corps Adjutant

AVIATION CADET CARTER P. SHRIBER
Corps Supply Officer

CADET CORPS STAFF

WING ONE STAFF



AVIATION CADET F. CHARLES DURYEA, JR.
Wing I Commander

AVIATION CADET ROBERT E. WILLIAMSON, JR. AVIATION CADET DONALD J. NOONAN
Wing I Adjutant Wing I Supply Officer

AVIATION CADET JOSEPH N. FANDEL AVIATION CADET WARREN B. WILLIS
Wing I Sergeant Major Wing I Supply Sergeant



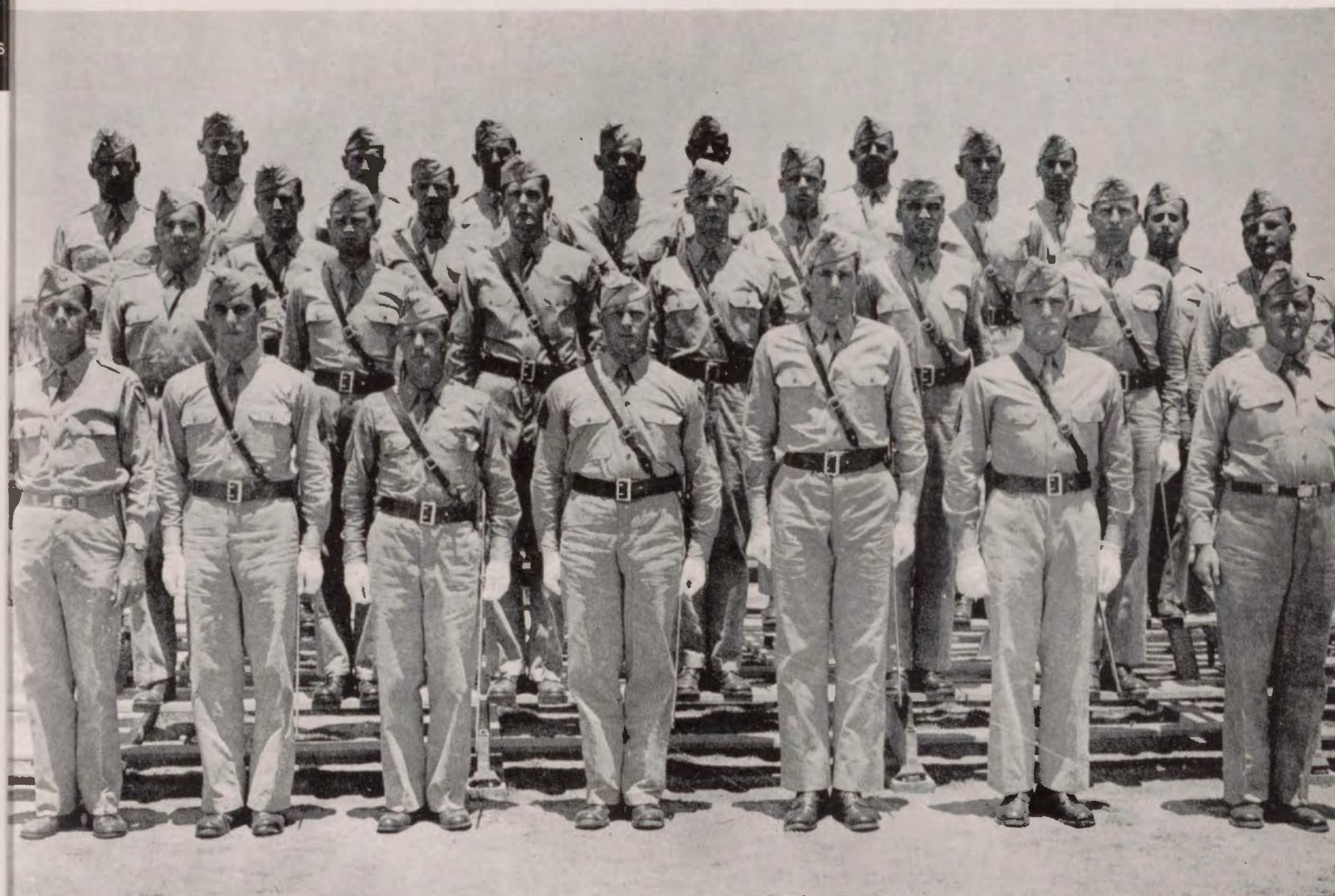
AVIATION CADET JAMES E. SHEARER
Wing II Commander

AVIATION CADET JOHN H. LOVING AVIATION CADET FLOYD O. MILLS
Wing II Adjutant Wing II Supply Officer

AVIATION CADET IRA C. PARKS AVIATION CADET ARTHUR J. O'NEILL
Wing II Sergeant Major Wing II Supply Sergeant

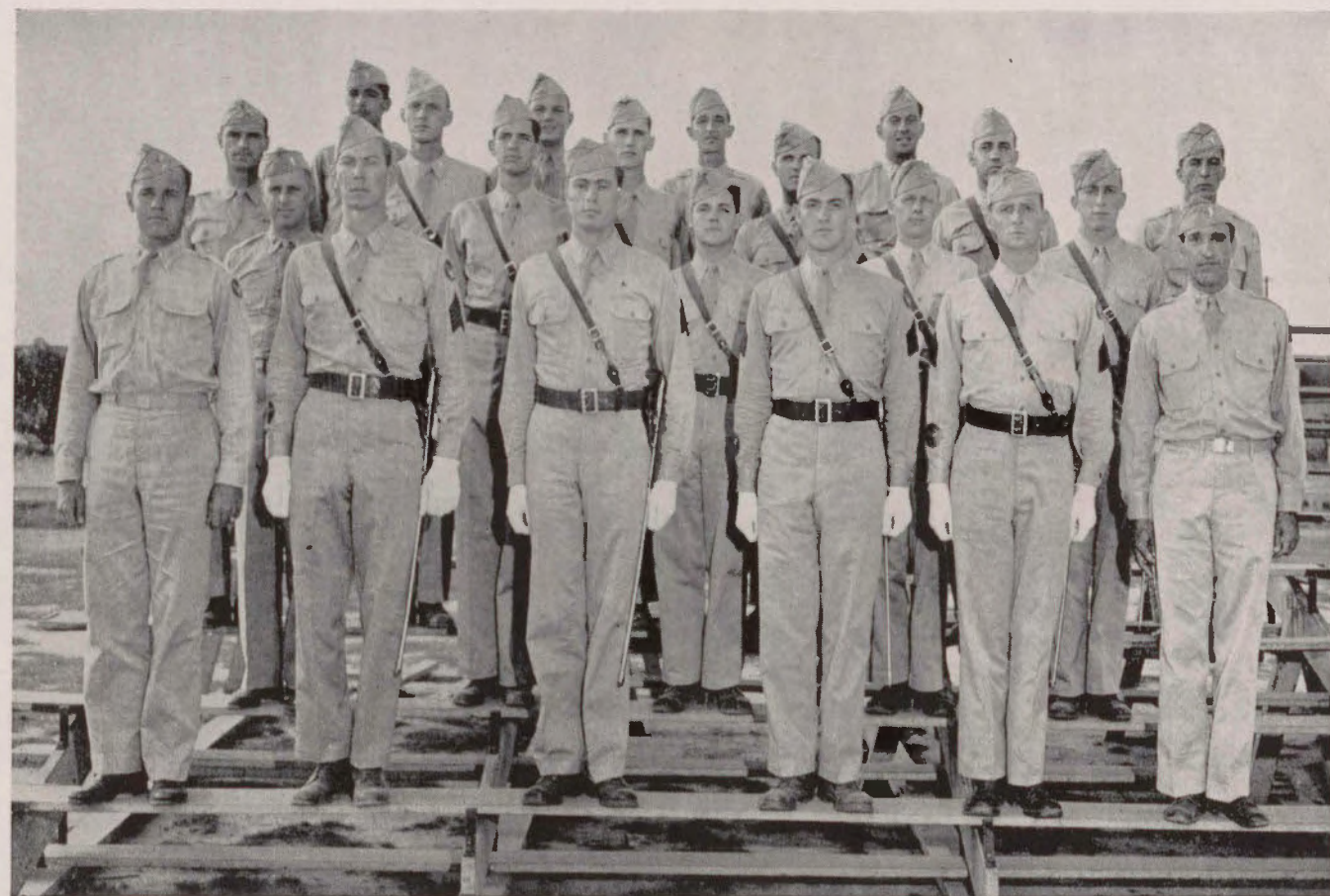
WING TWO STAFF

SECTION STAFF WING ONE

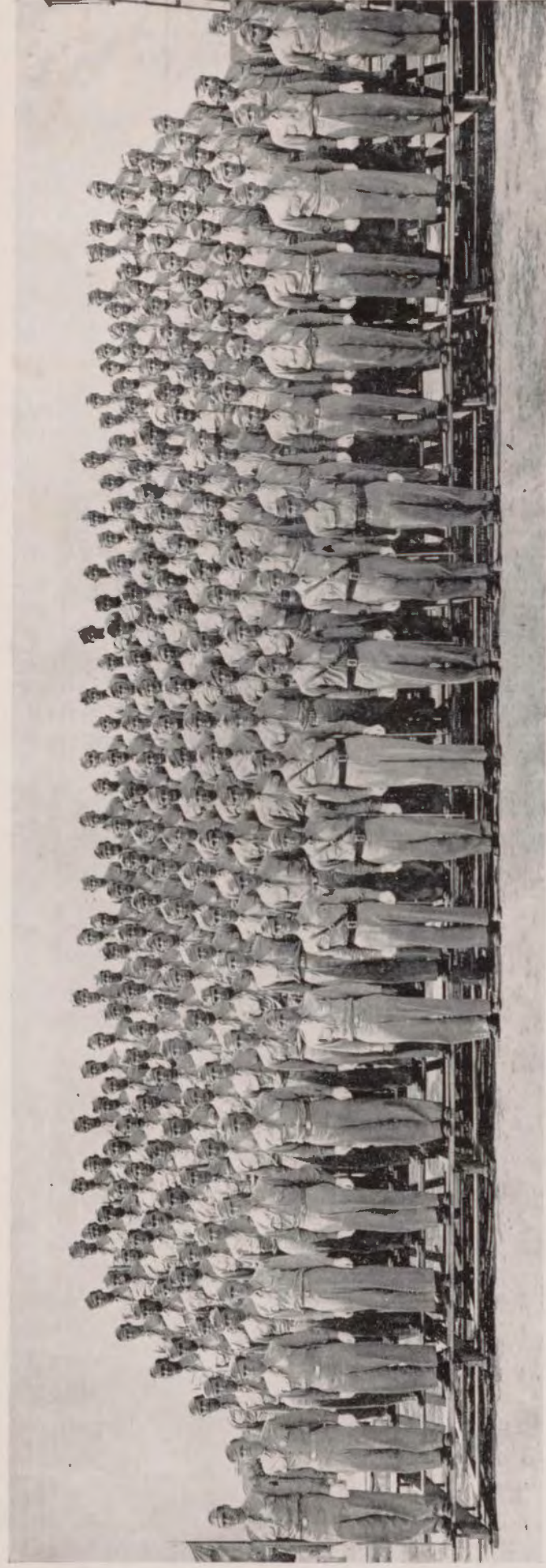




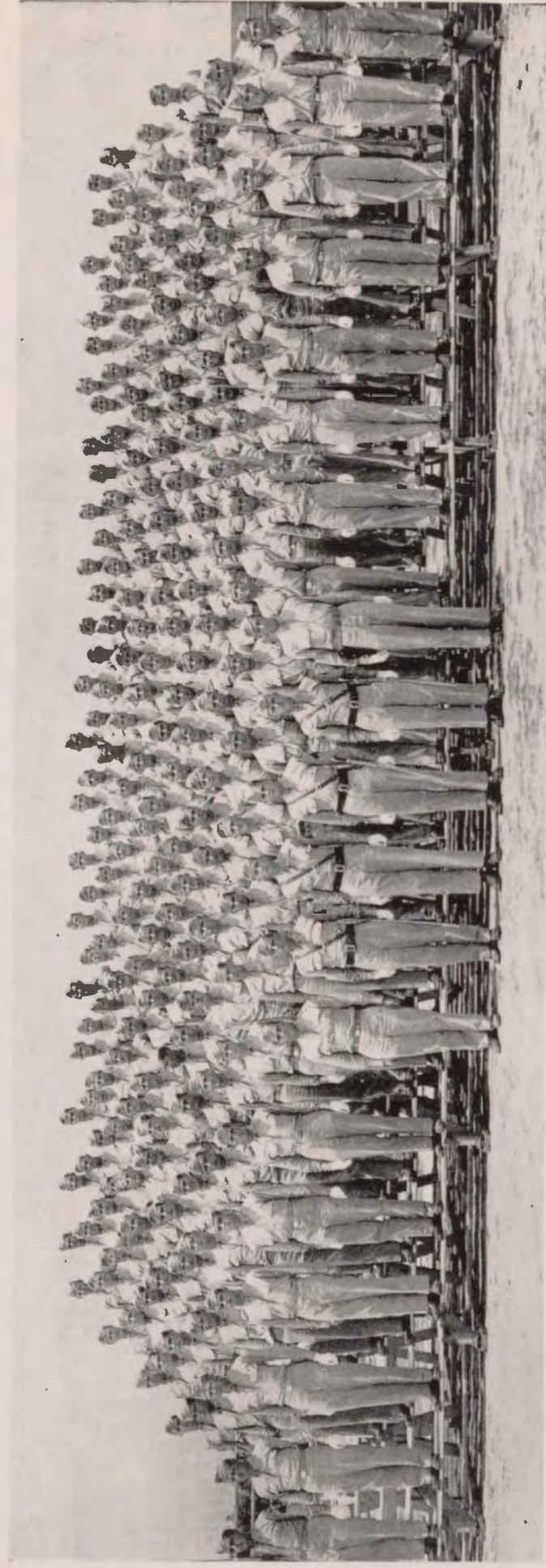
SECTION STAFF WING TWO



CADET SECTIONS



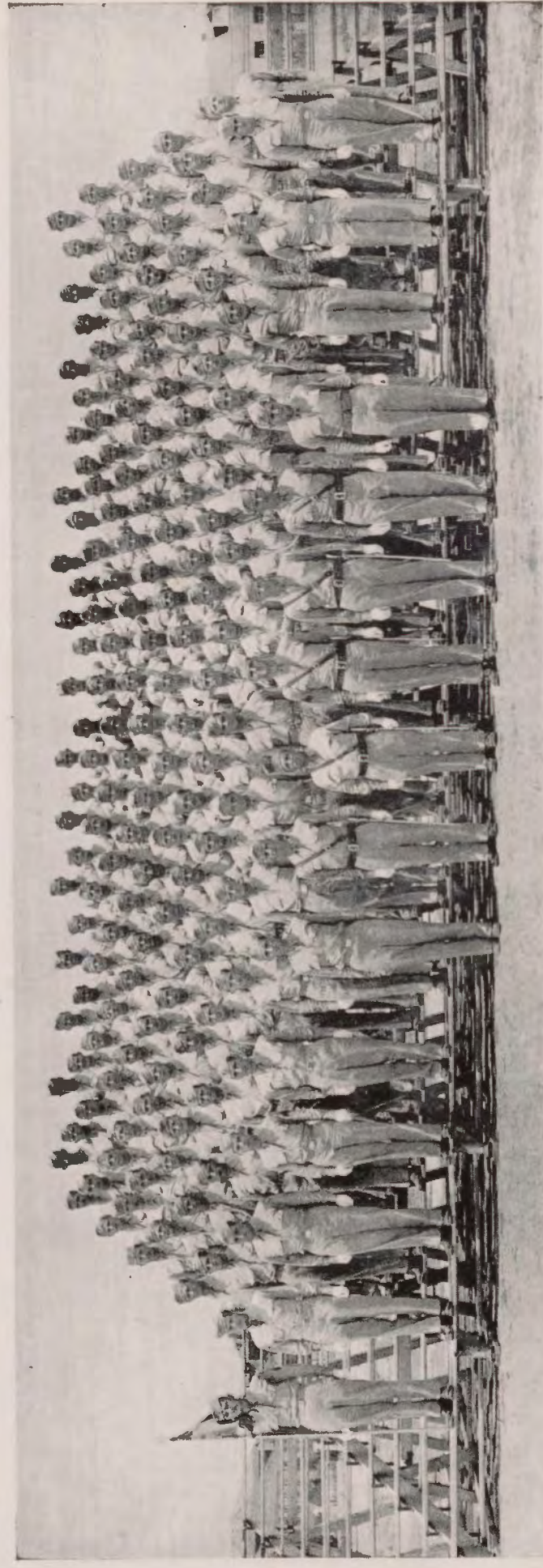
Section I, Squadron A



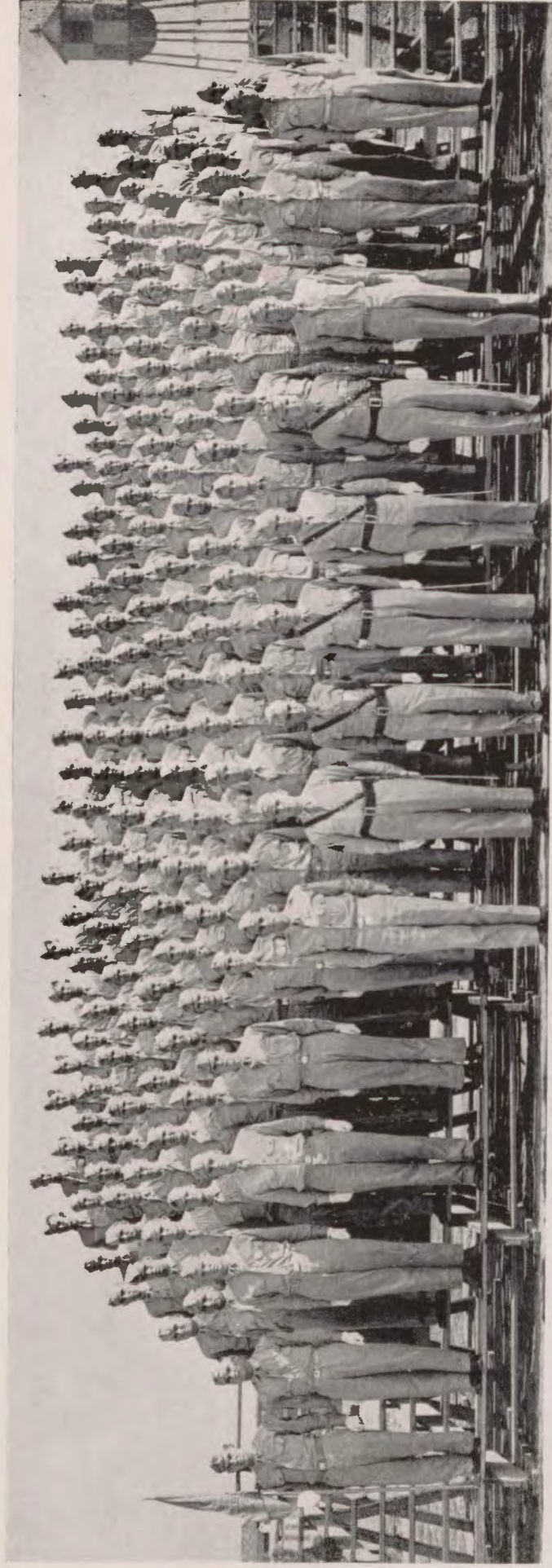
Section I, Squadron B



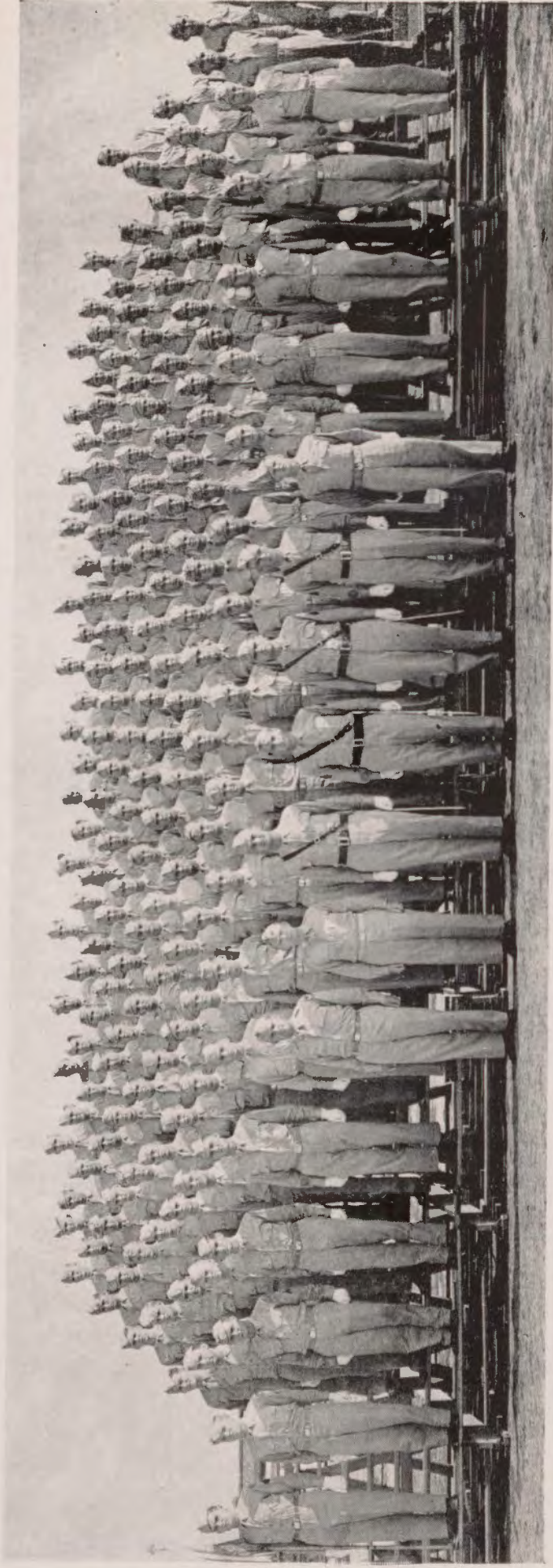
Section I, Squadron C



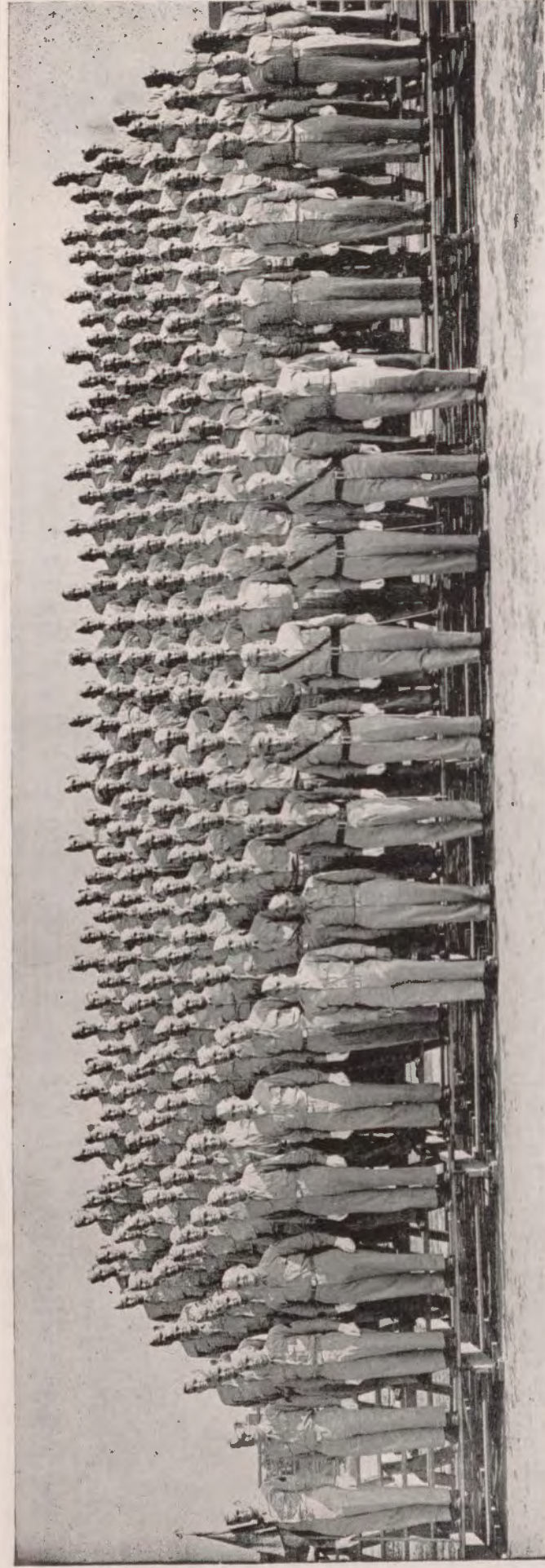
Section I, Squadron D



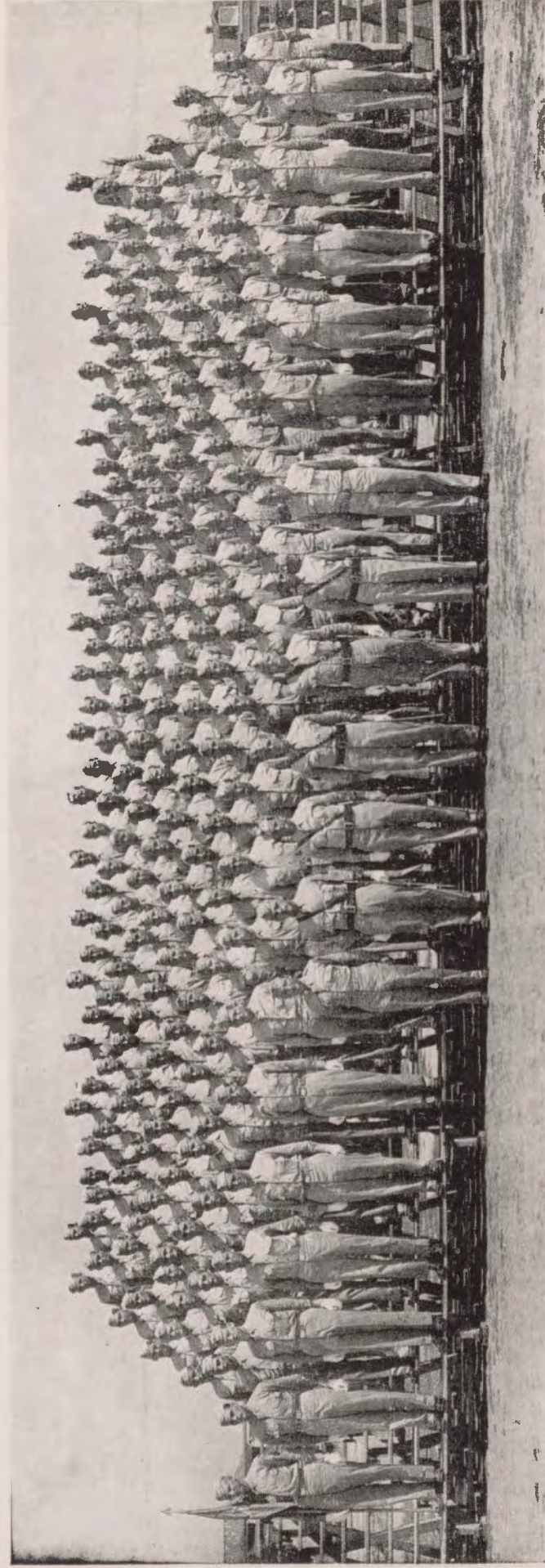
Section K, Squadron E



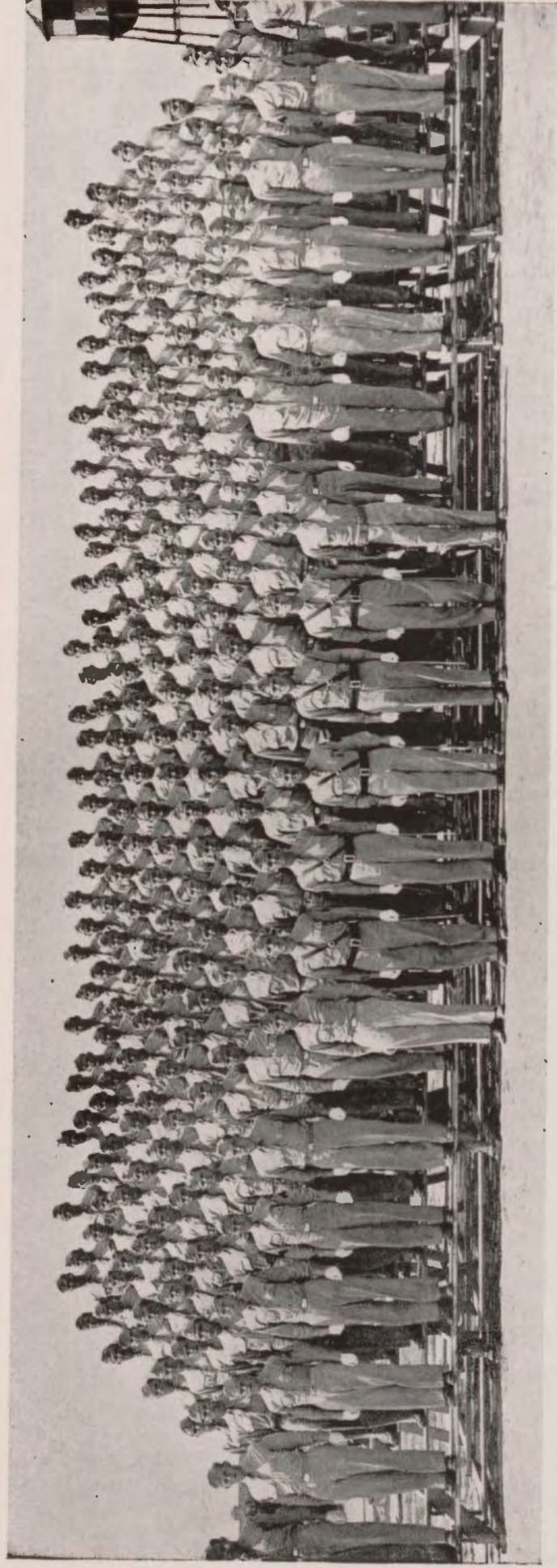
Section K, Squadron F



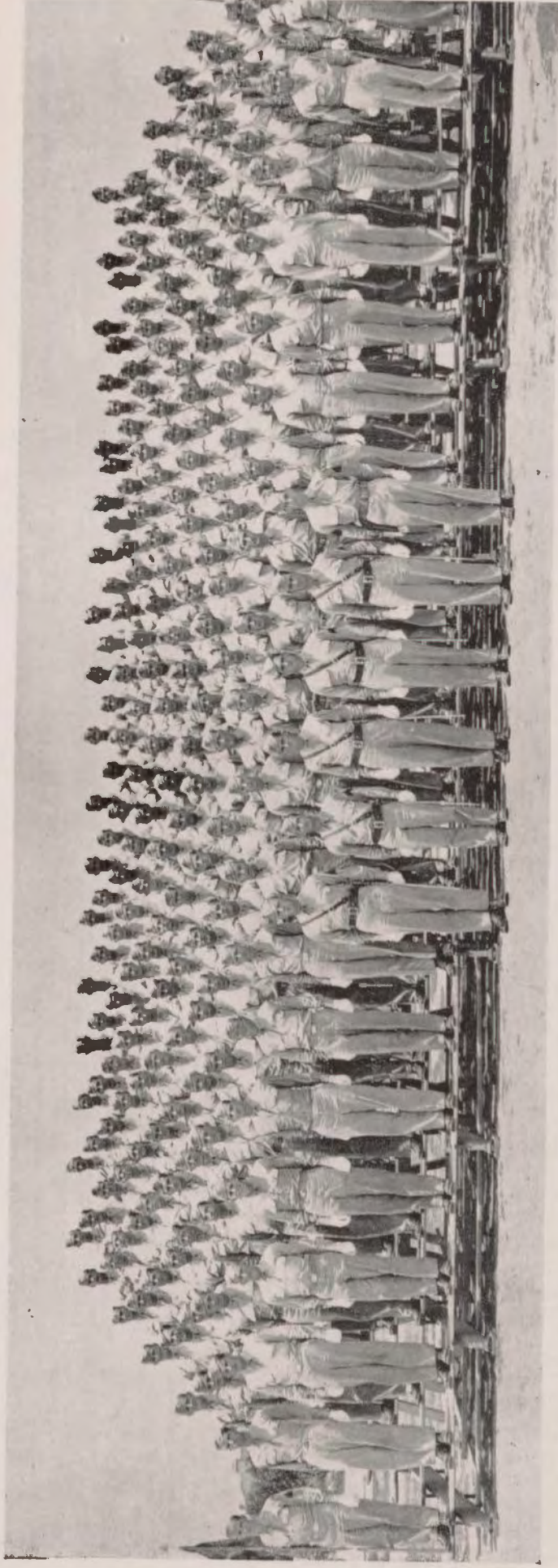
Section K, Squadron G



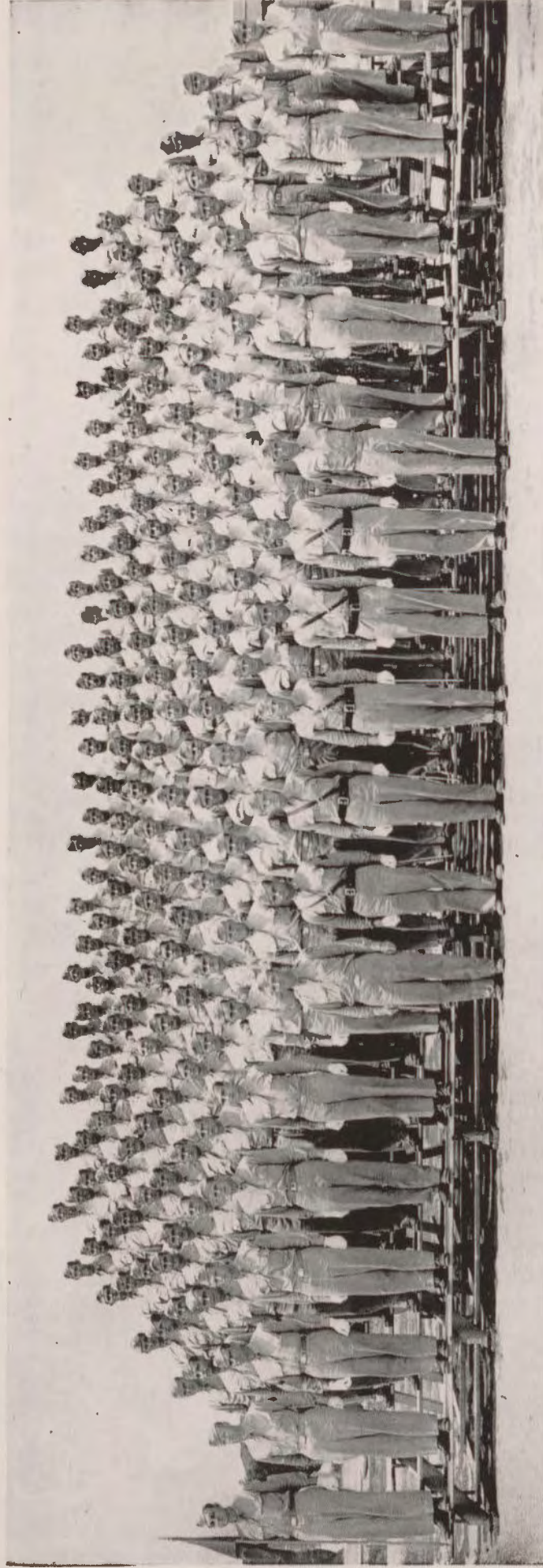
Section K, Squadron H



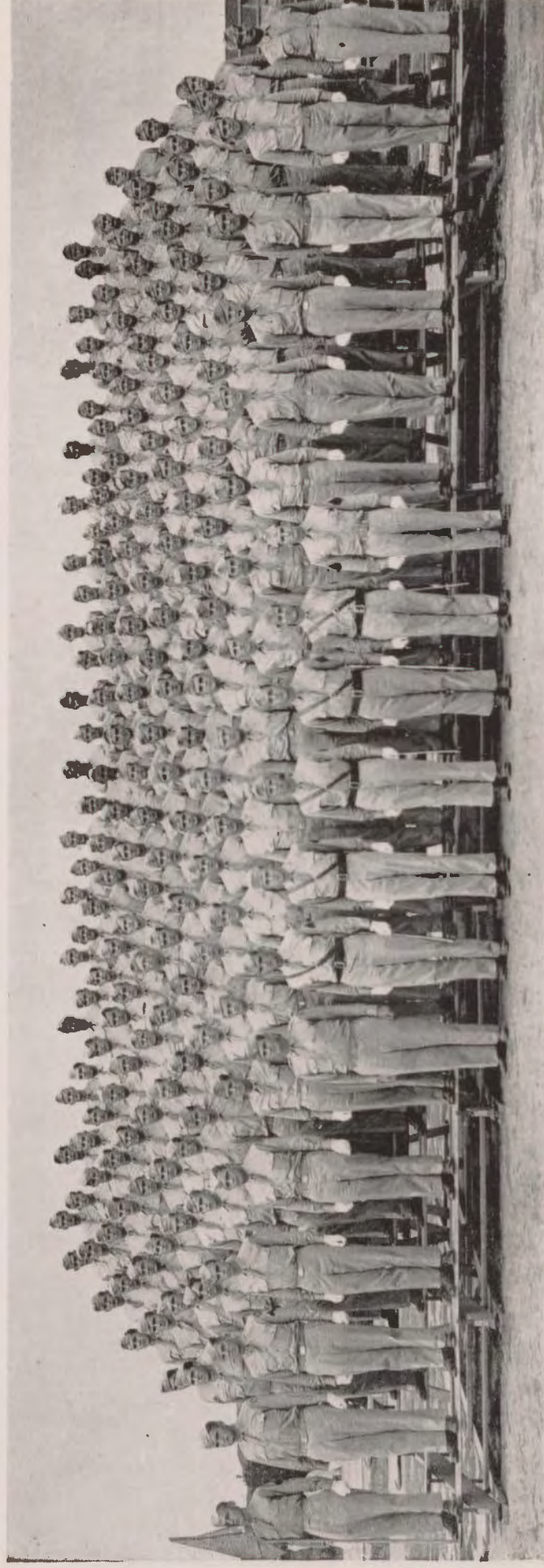
Section L, Squadron I



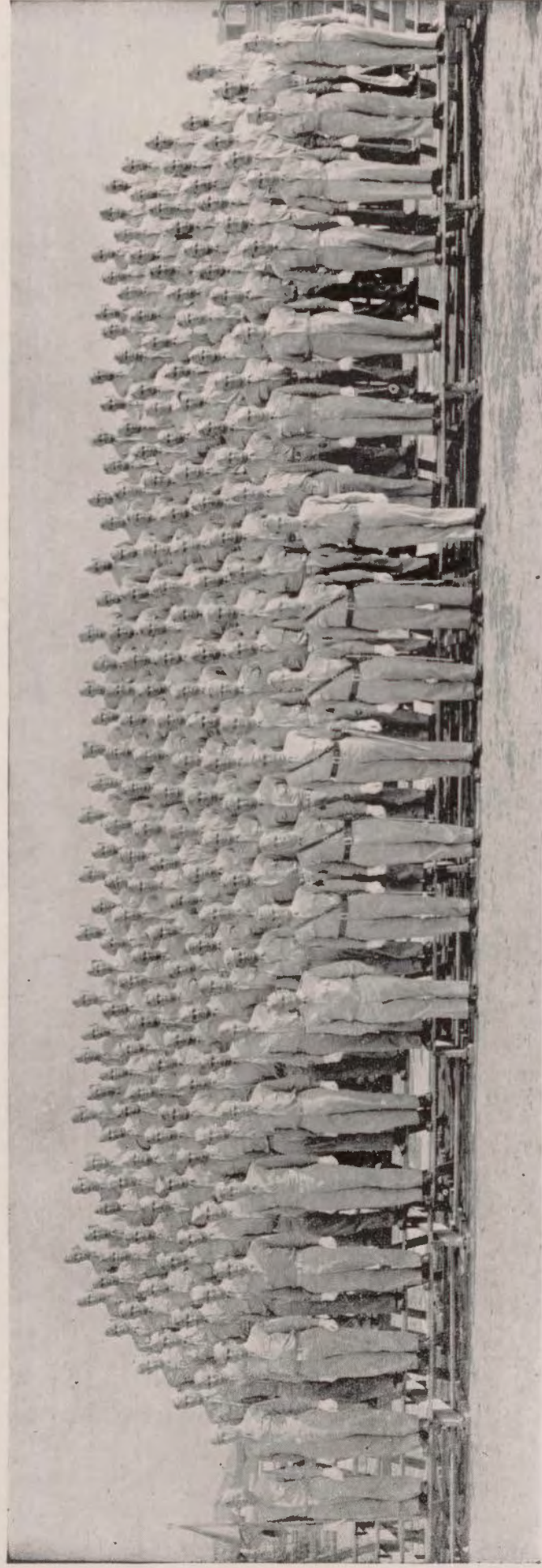
Section L, Squadron K



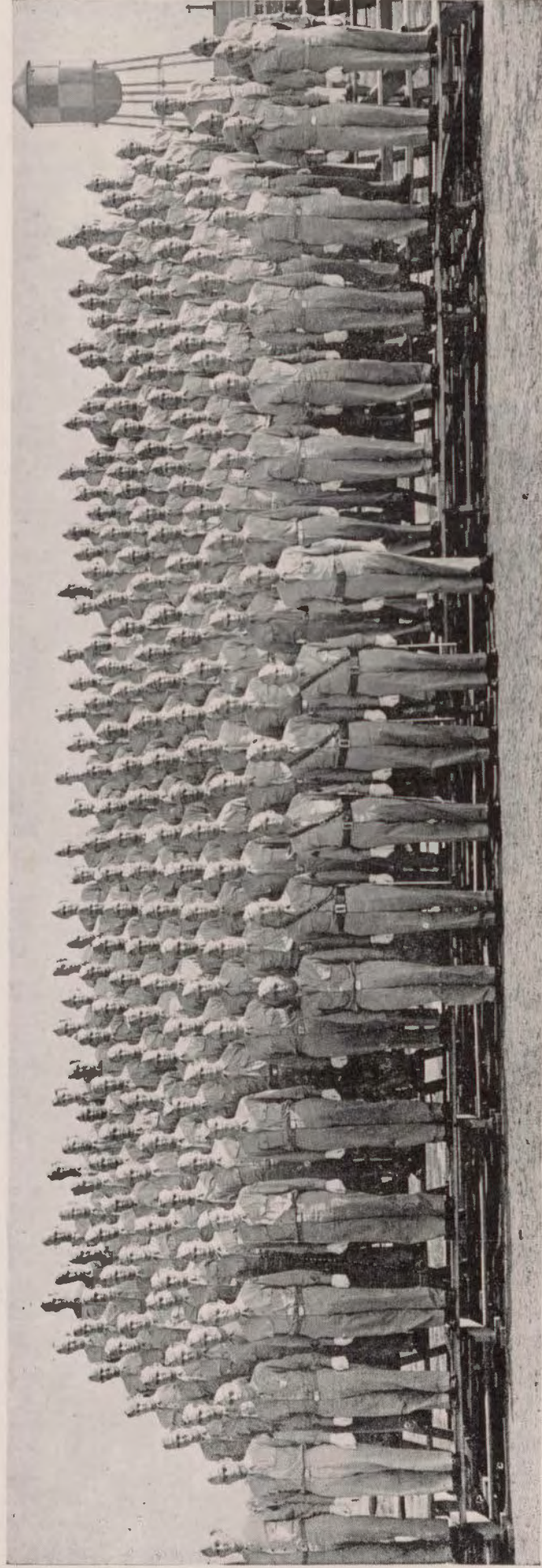
Section L, Squadron L



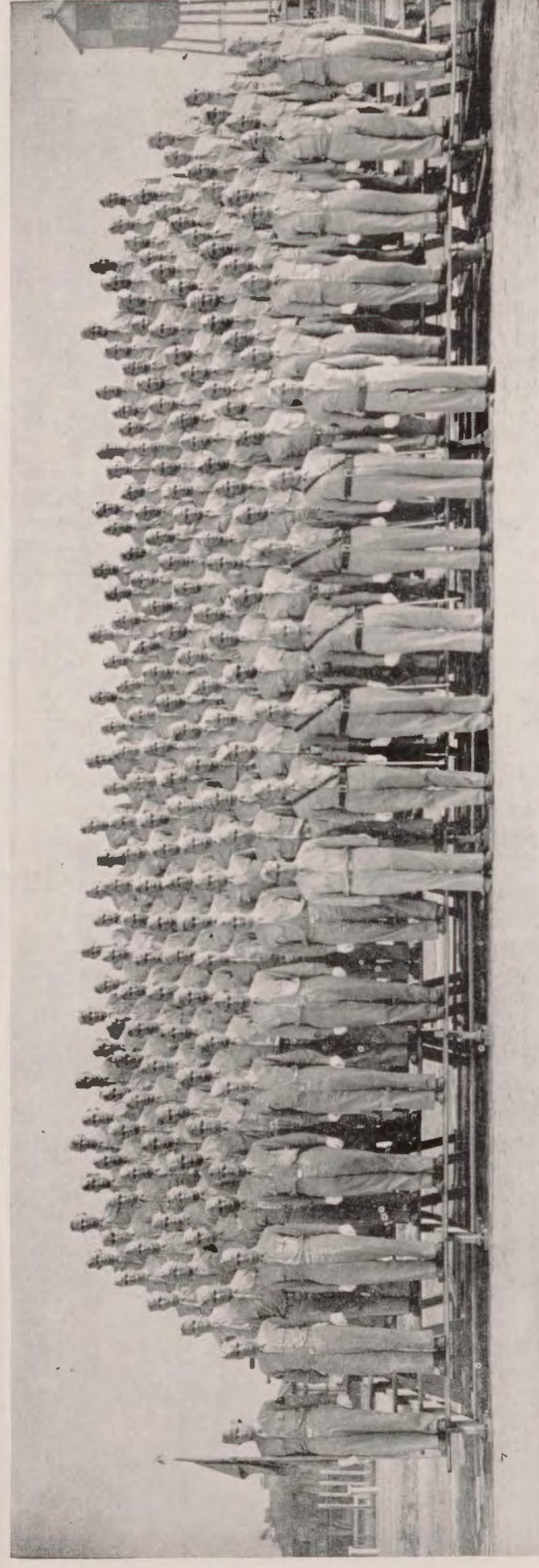
Section L, Squadron M



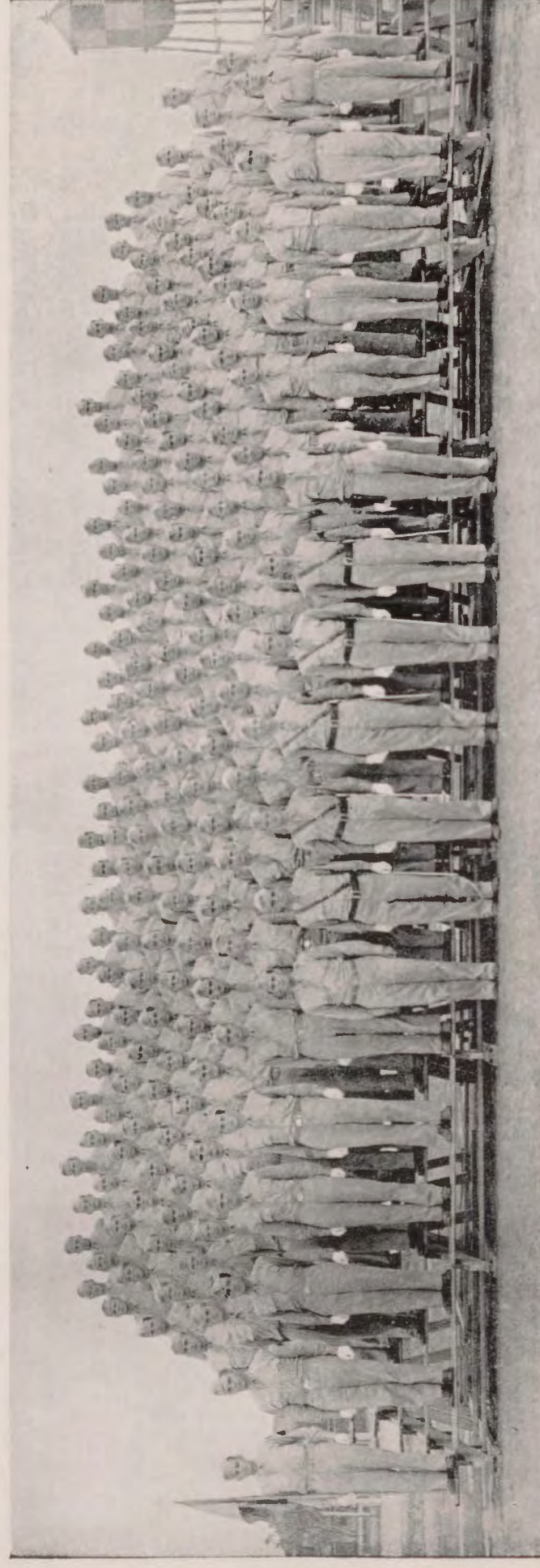
Section M, Squadron A



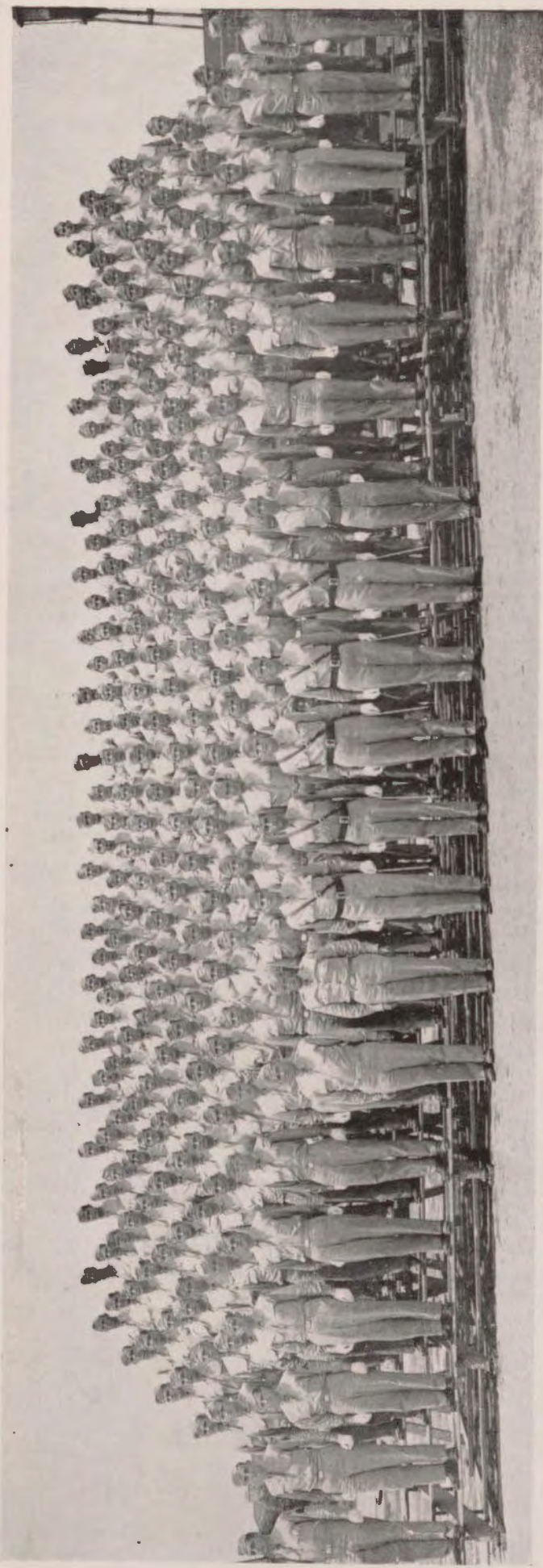
Section M, Squadron B



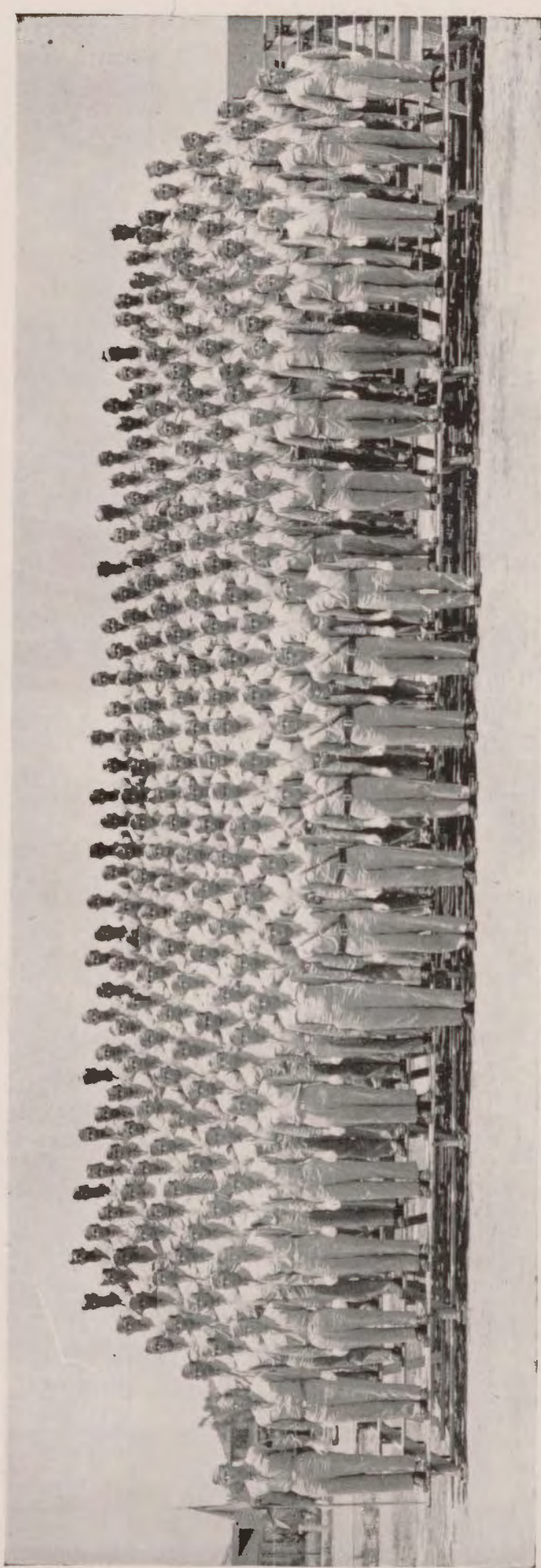
Section M, Squadron C



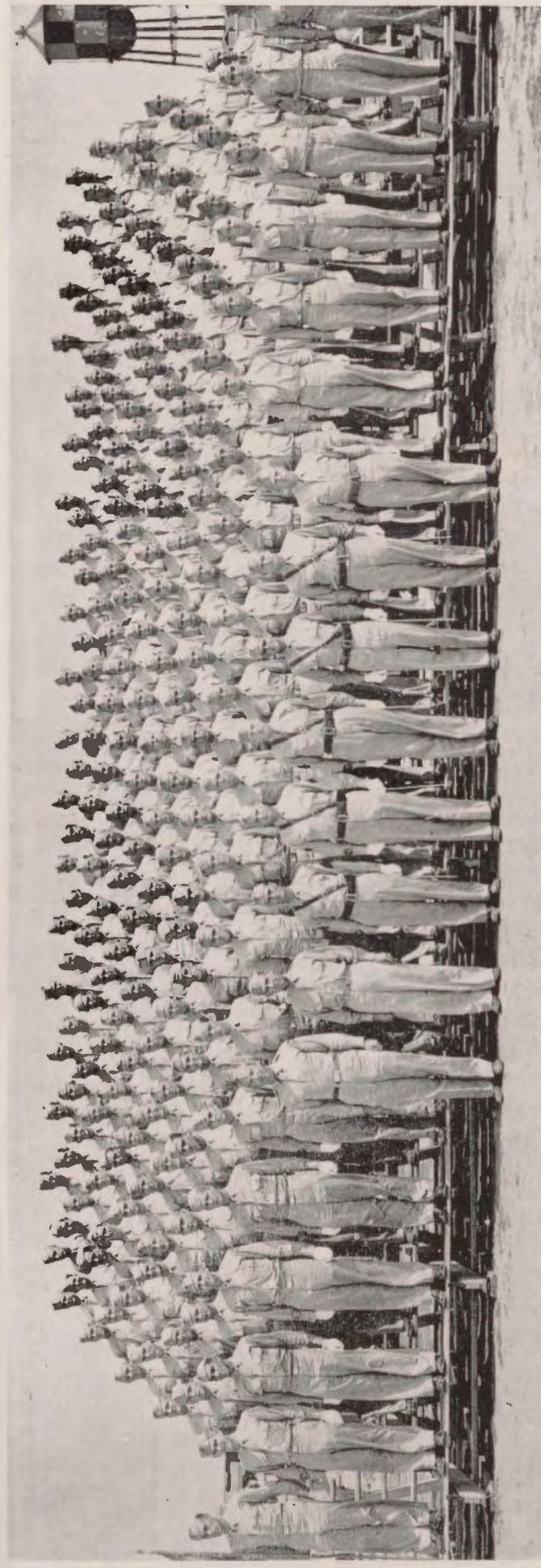
Section M, Squadron D



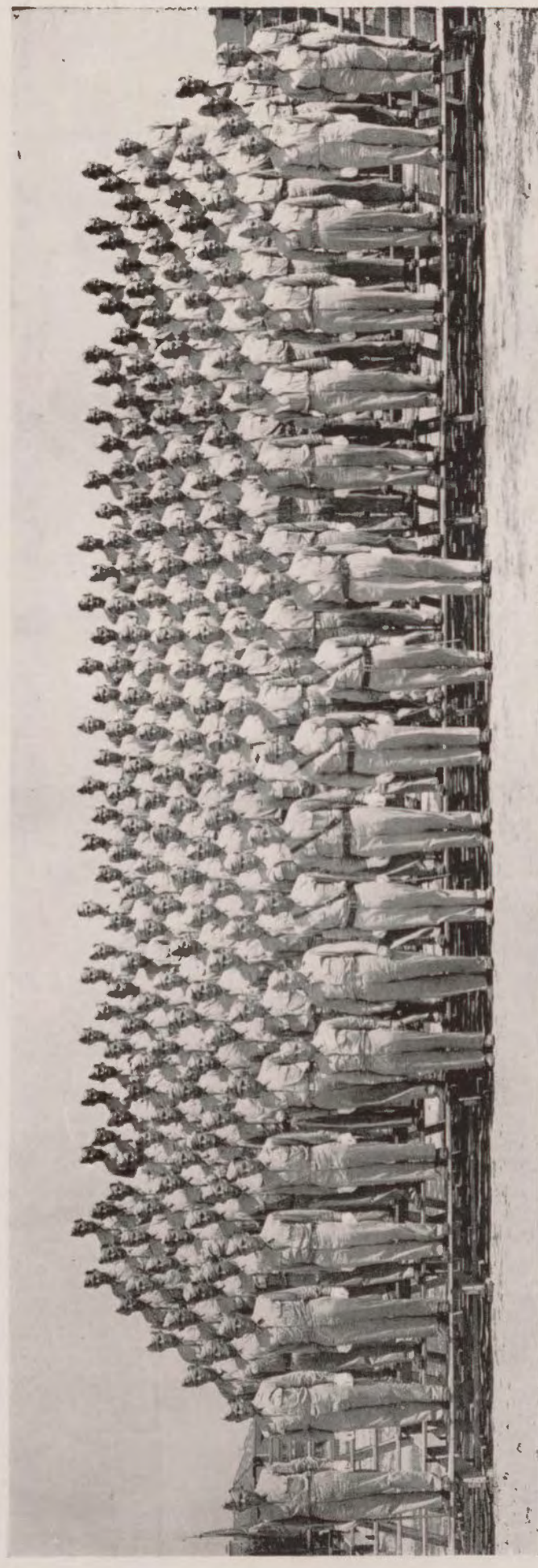
Section N, Squadron E



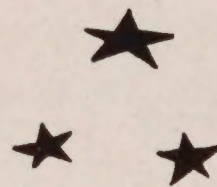
Section N, Squadron F



Section N, Squadron G



Section N, Squadron H



• **james edward dillon** — Editor

• **theodore axel rapp** — Associate Editor

• **richard robinson gomez** — Managing Editor

• **ben fred wood** — Art, Lettering and Cartoons

• **bradford wendell lang** — Director of Art and Layout

• **capt. lon r. dickson**
— Supervisor of Squadron Pictures

Staff



